RUSH TO SEE BASIL BRUSH — pages 12-13

TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

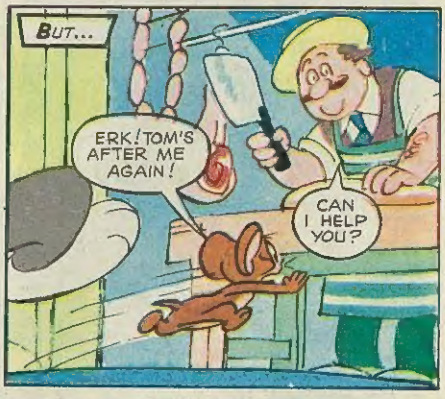
7p

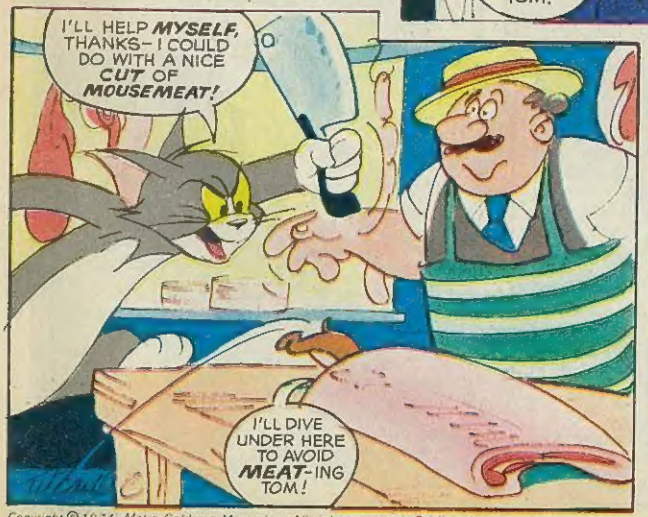
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

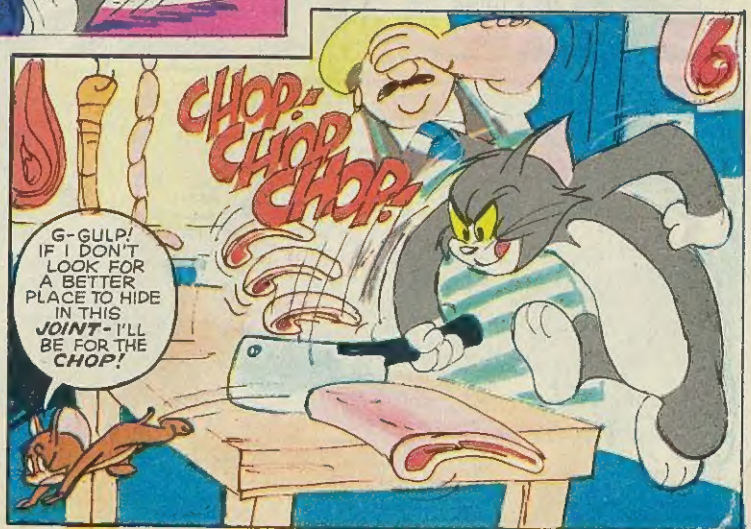
Every Monday | Week ending 5th October, 1974 | Number 1190

TOM and JERRY

I WANT YOU BOTH TO FETCH MY ORDER FROM THE BUTCHER'S! ANY MORE FIGHTING-AND I'LL MAKE MINCEMEAT OUT OF THE PAIR OF YOU!
I BAGS WE C-CALL A TRUCE, TOM!







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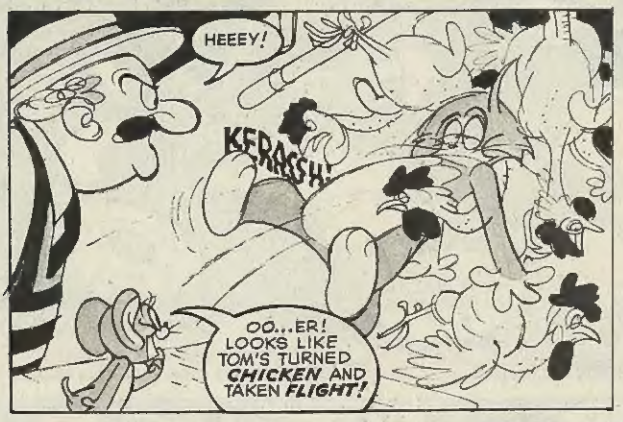
Another slice of the action on page 2

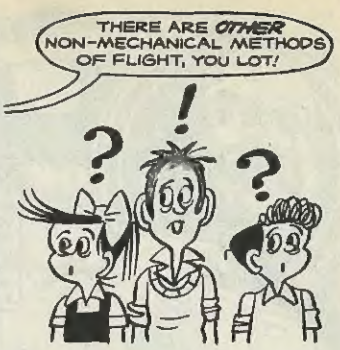


PLAY THE FOOL WITH MY GAME BIRDS AND POULTRY, EH? I'LL CUT YOU INTO CAT'S-MEAT!
OH, NO! NOT EVEN TOM DESERVES THAT! I'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING...

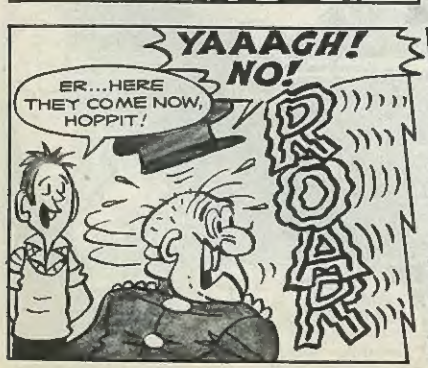
HO! HO! SEEMS THAT PAIR PUT THEMSELVES ON ICE!
SERVES THEM RIGHT! AT LEAST THINGS WILL BE N-ICE AND PEACEFUL TILL TOM AND JERRY THAW OUT! CHUCKLE!

Tune in to a radio riot next week!

TV Terrors



POOH! WE KNOW A COUPLE OF OLD WELLINGTONS THAT WOULD SEND YOUR BOOTS RUNNING, HOPPIT!
HO-HO! THAT'S A LAUGH! NO WELLINGTON COULD MATCH FRED AND CHARLIE!

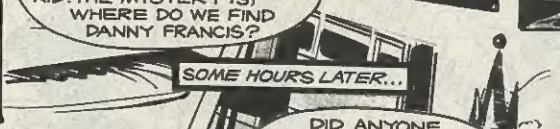


YAAAGH! HELP! HELP!
ENJOY YOURSELVES, KIDS! WE'LL CHASE THIS BULLY A COUPLE OF MILES UP THE RUNWAY!
HO-HO! HOPPIT'S BOOTS ARE NO MATCH FOR TWO WELLINGTON BOMBERS!

A mump whump with the Terrors soon.

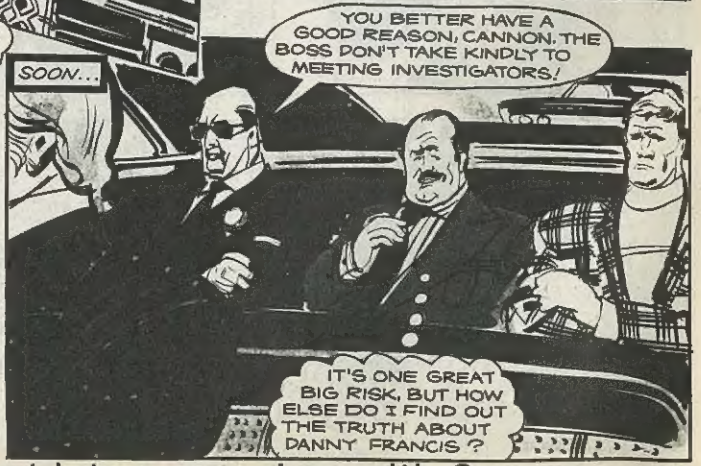
CANNON

FRANK Cannon has been stranded with Sammy Silver, a would-be pop star, at some derelict film studios on the edge of the desert. Cannon is investigating the disappearance of Danny Francis whose sister, Julie, insists he's been murdered by his manager, George Hendricks. After Cannon pulls Sammy from a blazing car, Hendricks escapes, taking Julie Francis as a hostage. Then Sammy makes a strange discovery . . .



SHORTLY AFTER DAWN...
POLICE DEPARTM
SOMEONE DID SPOT OUR FIRE, MR CANNON! WHAT HAPPENS NOW?
WELL, I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS TO ASK AND FAST—OR MR HENDRICKS MIGHT JUST GET AWAY WITH IT!

SOME HOURS LATER...
DID ANYONE RUN LARGE PREMIUMS ON DANNY FRANCIS, JACK?
WE DIDN'T, FRANK, BUT GIVE ME HALF-AN-HOUR OR SO AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DIG OUT FROM ELSEWHERE.
ULTRA SAFE INSURANCE


SOON...
YOU BETTER HAVE A GOOD REASON, CANNON. THE BOSS DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO MEETING INVESTIGATORS!
IT'S ONE GREAT BIG RISK, BUT HOW ELSE DO I FIND OUT THE TRUTH ABOUT DANNY FRANCIS?

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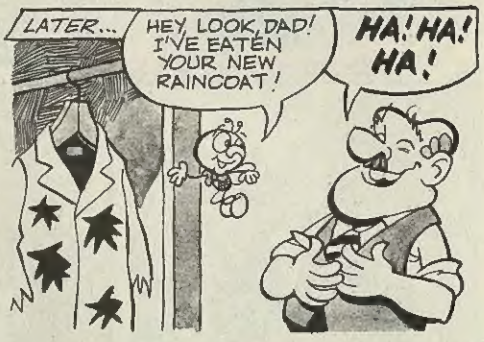
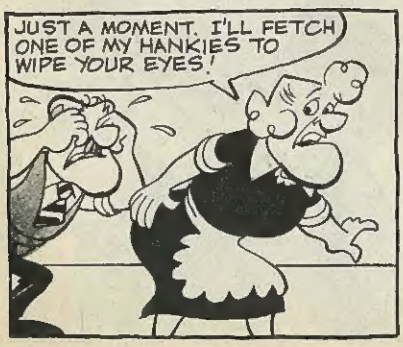
Shoot into a new story with Cannon soon!

MIGHTY MOTH





More mirth with our munching moth next week.

BARNEY BEAR
DO YOU FEEL LIKE A WALK, BARNEY?
NO THANKS. I'M DOING THIS JIG-SAW PUZZLE!
JIGSAW
I LOVE JIG-SAW PUZZLES!
AW, COME ON. YOU CAN DO THAT ANY TIME. IT'S SUCH A NICE DAY!
OKAY, MOOSE. YOU WIN.
I WONDER HOW THAT NOTICE WAS BROKEN?
IT MIGHT BE IMPORTANT. I'LL BUY SOME GLUE FROM THAT LITTLE SHOP WE JUST PASSED AND WE'LL PIECE IT TOGETHER.
THIS PIECE GOES HERE—AND THIS PIECE HERE...
THAT'S THE LAST PIECE. WHAT DOES IT SAY, MOOSE?
IT SAYS 'DANGER. LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT'
DANGER LOW FLYING AIRCRAFT
LOOK OUT!
AIRCRAFT
NOW WE KNOW HOW THE NOTICE WAS BROKEN!
BARNEY, I DIDN'T DIVE LOW ENOUGH!
NEVER MIND, MOOSE, IT DOESN'T TAKE YOU LONG TO GROW A NEW SET OF ANTLERS.

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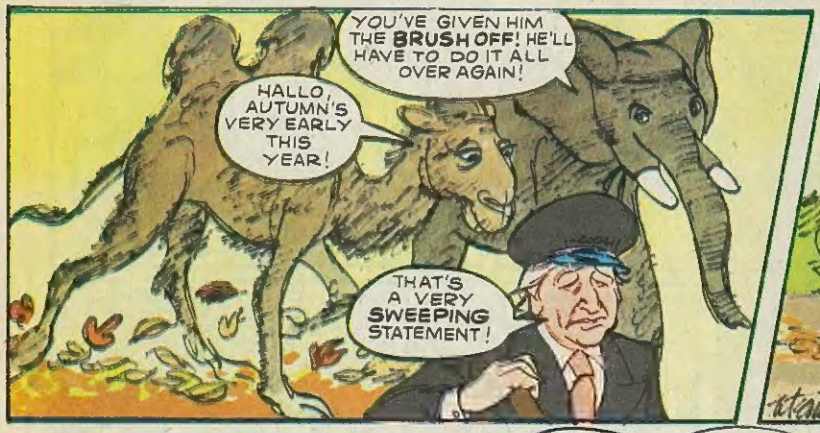
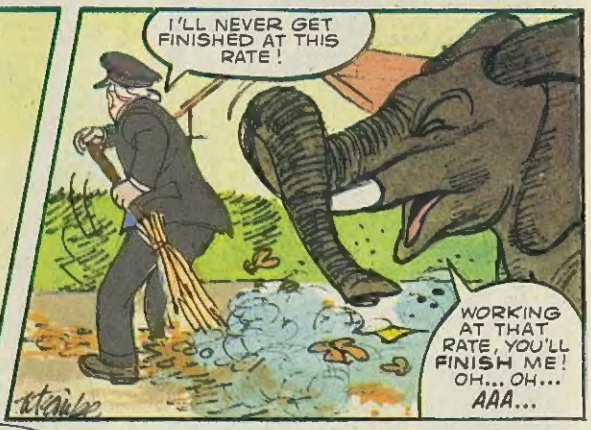
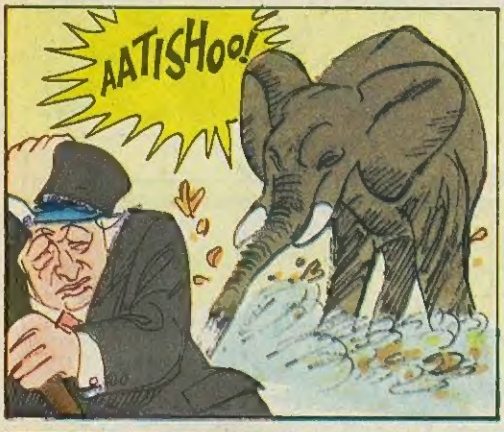
A conker crack-up with the pals soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC


HALLO, AUTUMN'S VERY EARLY THIS YEAR!
YOU'VE GIVEN HIM THE BRUSH OFF! HE'LL HAVE TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN!
THAT'S A VERY SWEEPING STATEMENT!





The humming birds are coming next week!

DROOPY
DROOPY HAS ANOTHER HOBBY...
THIS IS REAL INTERESTING! I'VE SCORED A HIT WITH THIS BOOK!
1/75
ASTRONOMY GUIDE TO THE STARS
NOCK
OOMPH!
OUCH! TRUST YOU TO HAVE YOUR HEAD IN THE CLOUDS.
HOW DID YOU GUESS, BUTCH? I WANT TO BE AN ASTRONOMER.
THEN THAT WAS A LUCKY STRIKE, PAL!
I'LL PUT SOME SPACE BETWEEN US! HUR! HUR!
G..GEE! BUTCH IS A PAL TO TELL ME ABOUT THIS PLACE! HE SAID THEY'D TEACH ME A THING OR TWO!
USAF SPACE RESEARCH CENTRE
THAT MOMENT, INSIDE...
REALLY, COLONEL! I HAVE MORE THAN ONE JUNIOR ASTRONAUT TO TRAIN, YOU KNOW!
H.Q. SAID HE'D BE HERE AT THIRTEEN-HUNDRED HOURS, PROFESSOR! I THINK I HEAR SOMEONE COMING NOW!
FOUND HIM WANDERING BY THE RED PERIMETER ZONE, SIR.
TEST UNITS
WHAT? DOESN'T HE KNOW HE HAS TO REPORT STRAIGHT HERE?
BEFORE DROOPY CAN GET A WORD IN...
JUST PUT THIS ON AND HURRY UP IN THERE!
GOSH! HE SOUNDS CROSS! THEY MUST GET FED UP WITH PEOPLE LIKE ME WANTING TO BE SHOWN ROUND. I EXPECT THAT SUIT'S TO STOP ME GETTING DIRTY.
NEXT MOMENT...
WAAAGGH! EVERYTHING'S UPSIDE DOWN!
DROOPY'S NIGHTMARES AREN'T OVER...
IN YOU GO- AND NO SILLY COMMENTS THIS TIME!
I C...CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT- LET ALONE TALK!
WHOOSH
G STRESS CONTROL
PRIVATE SPANSKI REPORTING FROM H.Q., SIR! SORRY, I WAS DELAYED!
HEEELP! LEMME OUTA HERE!
ZOOM
G STRESS TESTER
DROOPY IS SOON BROUGHT DOWN TO EARTH AGAIN...
DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW HE BROKE OUR SECURITY!
U.S.A.F. SPACE RESEARCH
UNAUTHORISED PERSONNEL STRICTLY FORBIDDEN
LATER...
HOW'D'YA GET ON, PAL?
BAH! TRUST HIM TO MISS THE MOON-TRIP!
I'M FED UP WITH STAR-GAZING! I CAN'T STOP SEEING STARS NOW!

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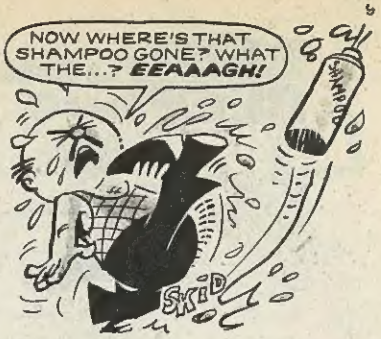
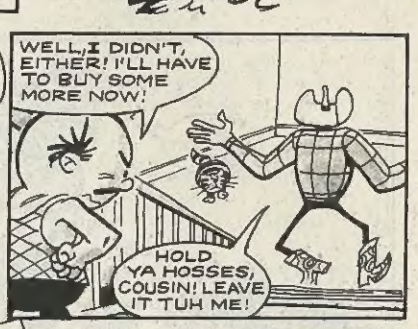
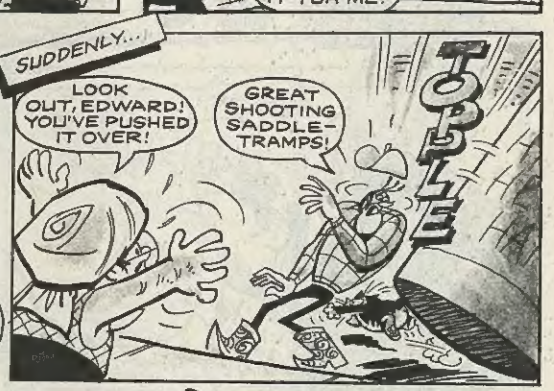
A 'spell' of trouble for Droopy soon!

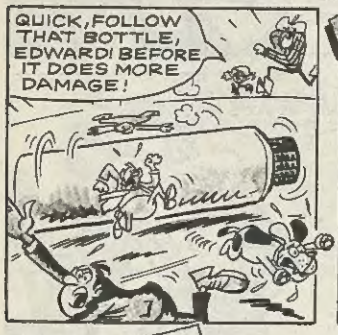
Texas Ted

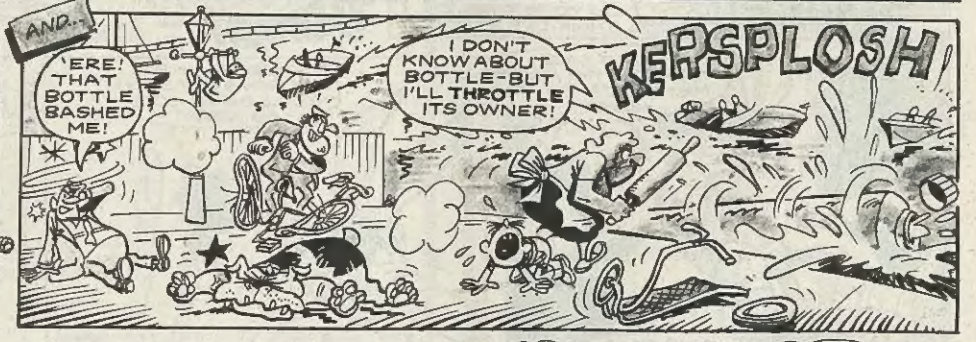


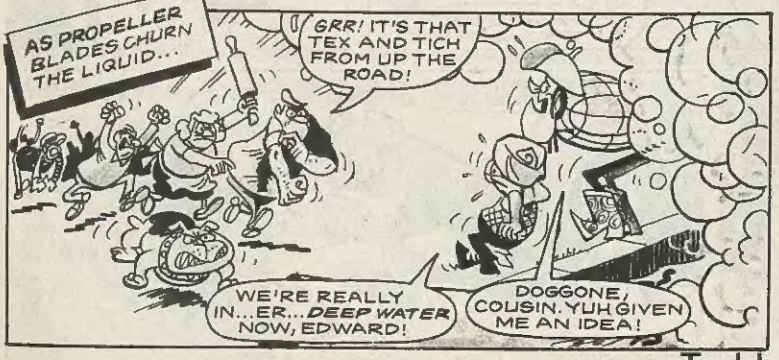


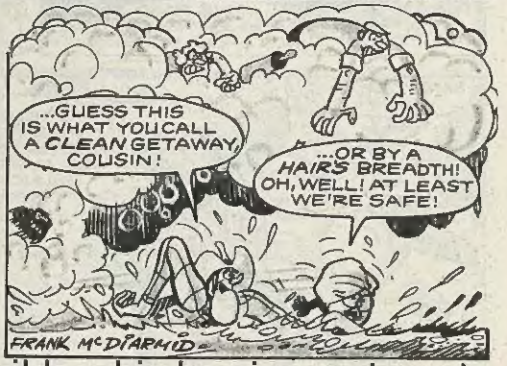
LATER...
H'MMM! I KNEW I SHOULD HAVE GONE MYSELF! THAT CLUMSY COWBOY COUSIN'S BEEN GONE A... OH, NOOO!
STRAIGHT FROM TEXAS, U.S.A.
SIXGUN SHAMPOO
FOR HARD-HITTING HEALTHY HAIR
YES, SIREEE! ENOUL H SHAMPOO TUH WASH THE HIDES OF A TEXAS-TYPE HERD, COUSIN!
... ONLY IT WON'T GO THROUGH THE FRONT DOOR!





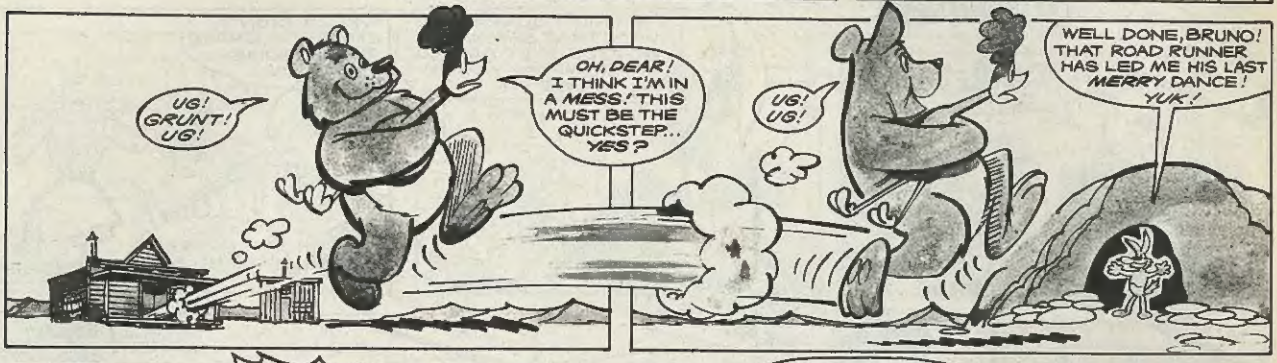



AS PROPELLER BLADES CHURN THE LIQUID...
GRR! IT'S THAT TEX AND TICH FROM UP THE ROAD!
WE'RE REALLY IN... ER... DEEP WATER NOW, EDWARD!
DOGGONE, COUSIN. YUH GIVEN ME AN IDEA!



Ted builds a big barrier next week.

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner


UG! GRUNT! UG!
OH, DEAR! I THINK I'M IN A MESS! THIS MUST BE THE QUICKSTEP... YES?
UG! UG!
WELL DONE, BRUNO! THAT ROAD RUNNER HAS LED ME HIS LAST MERRY DANCE! YUK!

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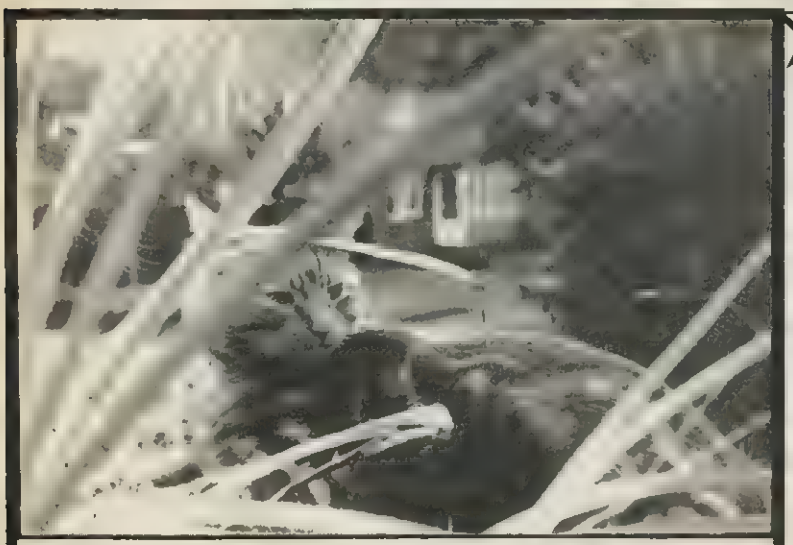
Wile E 'steers' a rodeo course soon.

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.



Dear Editor

My name is Maxine Wickes and I am eleven years old. I have a very fat, lazy cat called Ginger. His waist measurement is 23 inches and he weighs over 14 pounds. One night I was going to bed and behind me I could hear padding feet. These feet belonged to Ginger. Suddenly Ginger darted past me and raced into my bedroom. Under the radiator there was a shoe-box. Of course, Ginger, liking to sit in things, was trying to squeeze his body in the shoe-box. He was far too fat and the box started to split. Then Ginger came tumbling out. By this time I was hysterical with laughter. Ginger was furious with me for laughing at him. He sat there frowning at me. I apologised and he walked into a larger box and settled down. A few minutes later I felt a paw resting on my nose. I switched on the light and asked Ginger what he wanted. He jumped off the bed with a thump and sat by the door which was open. He looked at me and then at the door as if to say, "Close the door, I'm not used to sleeping with it open." I closed the door and he went to sleep on my TV Comic which annoyed me tremendously. In the middle of the night I could hear flicking over pages. It was Ginger trying to turn the page over of Tom and Jerry. I think his favourite story is Tom and Jerry. My favourite stories are Tom and Jerry, Mighty Moth, and Pink Panther.

Maxine Wickes, Borough Green, Kent.

There's a cat in a Borough Green,
The fattest cat you've ever seen!
It's bigger than a lion say they,
Who've seen this monster in their way!
It thuds around all through the night,
Searching for an extra bite.
The appetite is awful keen,
Of 'Ginger' Wickes of Borough Green!

Not quite accurate, but I think it sums him up more or less, don't you, Maxine?

STAR LETTER

The other day my sister got a book on yoga. At once we all started talking about it, and just then there was a knock at the door. It was the milkman. He always looks bright, and fit, so mum asked him if he had done yoga? Yes he replied, I do strawberry, pineapple and blackcurrant. Some people!

Tracey Peacock, Hayling Island, Hants

And that's what I call a PEACH *of an answer*

Dear Editor

My name is Stephen Land. I am writing to tell you about the school's guinea pigs. We got them for a week. They are called Haggis and Spicky. They are very mischievous. My TV Comic favourites are Tom and Jerry.

Stephen Land, Midlothian, Scotland.

They sound like Scottish guinea-pigs, don't they? Thanks for writing, Stephen

My name is Andrew Matthews. I am another TV Comic fan. I am off school with a cold and the only thing that cheers me up is reading my TV Comic. My favourite stories in TV Comic are Dr Who and Tom and Jerry. I have a pet cat called Tabby and he is thirteen years old. My friend has a dog called Trix, he makes me cross when he chases Tabby.

Andrew Matthews, Stamford, Lincolnshire.

Well, Andrew, I hope your cold has gone; that school wasn't as bad as you thought it was going to be; that Trix hasn't been chasing Tabby lately; and that you soon receive £1 postal-order for telling me your troubles!

This is my picture. I am eight years old. I have a big brother aged thirteen. I also have a black labrador dog called Judy. She loves children and is very playful. My hobbies are swimming and pony-riding. On Thursdays I go pony-riding on a Welsh pony. My teacher is Philippa. The name of the pony is Star. I go to Macclesfield swimming club.

Jane Gibson, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

All in all, I'd say you were a very busy person, Jane Thanks for writing

I have written a poem for TV Comic.

Clowns are thin, clowns are fat,
Clowns fall over on the mat
Clowns are tall, clowns are short,
Clowns come in more than one sort
Clowns are big, clowns are small
Clowns are funny to us all.
Clowns are sad, clowns are gay,
Clowns make us laugh all the day.
Clowns come in more than one size,
Clowns might throw some custard pies.
But when the show finally ends,
Clowns walk off like the best of friends

Paula Waters, Walton, Liverpool.

And what a lovely poem it is, too, Paula. Well, versifiers and poets, how about some more?!!!

BASIL BRUSH

I'M CLEARIN' OUT THE LOFT, GUV, AND I'VE FOUND ALL THIS INDIAN GEAR.

AH, HARRY JONES, WHO LIVES THE OTHER SIDE OF THE VILLAGE, COLLECTS INDIAN RELICS FOR HIS WILD WEST MUSEUM. I'LL GIVE HIM A RING!

BAH! THE EXCHANGE HASN'T ANSWERED YET. I RECKON THAT SWITCHBOARD GIRL HAS FALLEN ASLEEP AGAIN!

'OW DID THAT STUFF GET THERE, ANYWAY, GUV?

THEY WERE LEFT THERE BY MY GREAT UNCLE BRAVE BEAR BRUSH. HE WAS MADE A CHIEF OF THE CHEERIOKEE TRIBE, YOU KNOW!

'OW COME?

WELL, WHILE I'M WAITING TO GET THROUGH TO THE EXCHANGE I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU.

GREAT UNCLE WAS A TELEPHONE SALESMAN IN THE JOLLY OLD WILD WEST. HE SOLD A TELEPHONE TO BIG CHIEF POKERFACE AND WAS CONTINUING HIS JOURNEY WHEN...

GULP!

BRUSH TELEPHONE COMPANY

TWANG!

HE WAS CAPTURED AND TAKEN TO THE CAMP..!

WHAT DO WE DO WITH HIM, LITTLE CHIEF?

BURN UM!

I SAY, CHAPS. YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! YOUR BIG CHIEF POKERFACE IS A CHUM OF MINE.

ME THINKUM HE TELLS FIBS, LITTLE CHIEF!

BETTER CHECK WITH BIG CHIEF TO MAKE SURE!

YOU NEEDN'T SEND A SMOKE SIGNAL, OLD CHAP. SPEAK TO HIM ON MY MAGIC TALKING MACHINE. LET ME SHOW YOU!

SO

HALLO, POKER-FACE!

HIM SPEAKUM!

I SAY, HAVE A WORD WITH LITTLE CHIEF, WILL YOU? HE WANTS TO PUT ME ON THE FIRE AND I'M TOO YOUNG TO FRY!

HEY, LITTLE CHIEF. YOU LAY OFF MY FURRY FRIEND! HIM REDSKIN LIKE UM US!

GULP! SURE, BIG CHIEF!

SO UNCLE WAS NAMED BRAVE BEAR BRUSH AND SOLD A WHOLE TELEPHONE SYSTEM TO THE TRIBES!'

AND I BET IT WORKED BETTER THAN OUR SWITCHBOARD! I'LL NEVER GET THROUGH TO HARRY!

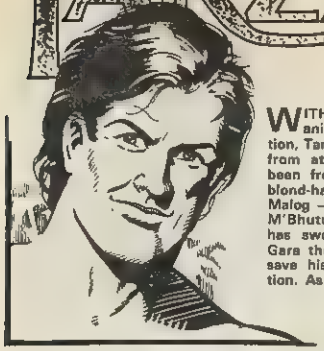
HEY, CHUMMERS! I'VE JUST REMEMBERED. HARRY UNDERSTANDS INDIAN SMOKE SIGNALS!

WHAT'S HE SAY, GUV?

HE SAYS 'THANK YOU VERY MUCH. BE OVER IN THE MORNING!' OH, WELL! THAT SAVED A FEW PENCE ON THE TELEPHONE BILL!

An airy fairy blows Basil's way soon!

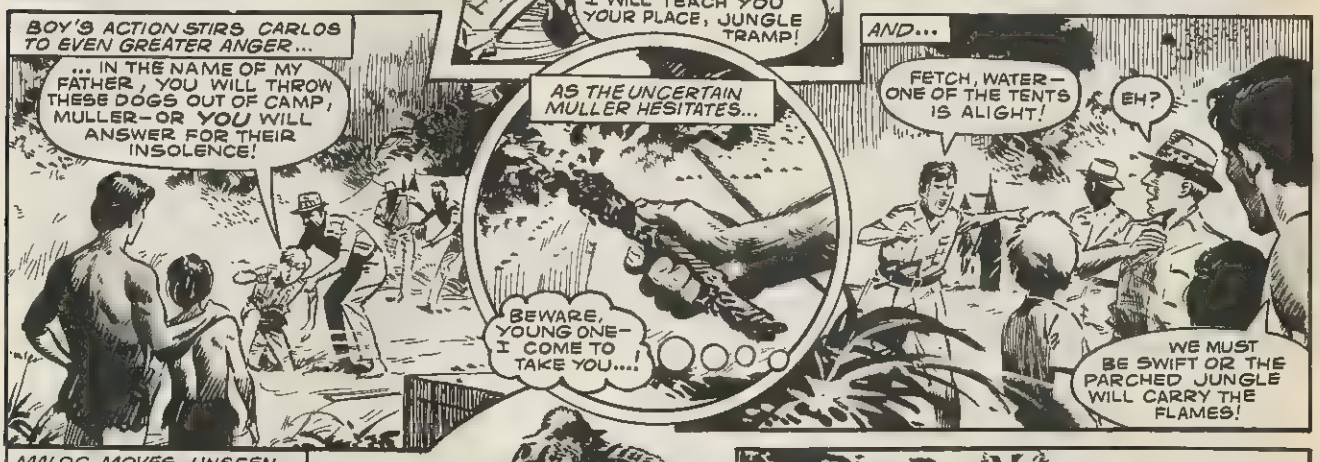
TARZAN



WITHIN the camp of an animal-trapping expedition, Tarzan prevents a leopard from attacking, after it has been freed deliberately by a blond-haired boy. Meanwhile, Malog — Witch Doctor of the M'Bhutu — watches. Malog has sworn to bring N'Gara-Gara the god of mercy — to save his people from starvation. As he sees the teenager

AT THAT MOMENT...
I HAVE SAVED YOUR LIFE. NOW YOU MUST RELEASE THE CREATURES!
NO! YOU WILL NOT DO IT, MULLER! YOU ARE IN THE PAY OF MY FATHER! THOSE ARE MY ANIMALS!

THEN WHY DID YOU CHOOSE TO RELEASE THE LEOPARD, EVIL ONE?
YOU DARE TO QUESTION ME, CARLOS SCHMIDT? I WILL TEACH YOU YOUR PLACE, JUNGLE TRAMP!


BOY'S ACTION STIRS CARLOS TO EVEN GREATER ANGER...
... IN THE NAME OF MY FATHER, YOU WILL THROW THESE DOGS OUT OF CAMP, MULLER—OR YOU WILL ANSWER FOR THEIR INSOLENCE!
AS THE UNCERTAIN MULLER HESITATES...
BEWARE, YOUNG ONE— I COME TO TAKE YOU...!
AND...
FETCH, WATER— ONE OF THE TENTS IS ALIGHT!
EH?
WE MUST BE SWIFT OR THE PARCHED JUNGLE WILL CARRY THE FLAMES!

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A double discovery for Tarzan soon.

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
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MAINWARING VISITS ONE OF HIS MORE IMPORTANT CUSTOMERS AT SNEDDON HALL...
I MUCH APPRECIATE YOUR HELP, MAINWARING. THIS TRIP'S CAUGHT ME ON THE HOP.
IF THERE'S ANY OTHER MATTER IN WHICH I CAN BE OF HELP, COLONEL!
WELL, AS A MATTER OF FACT, THERE IS!
ONLY TOO... ER... PLEASED TO BE OF SERVICE!
AND THAT NIGHT...
AND SO WE MUSTER ON SUNDAY TO TRANSPORT THE COLONEL'S HUNT PONIES TO HIS BROTHER'S STABLES AT TODDLEHAM!
BUT NONE OF US CAN RIDE A HORSE EXCEPT GODFREY, SIR!
EVEN SO...
WHO'S RIDING VILLAIN, THE COLONEL'S MOUNT? HE'S A WILL OF HIS OWN?
PERHAPS I SHOULD, SIR!
I WILL TAKE HIM! PRIVATE GODFREY! RIDING IS CHILD'S PLAY!
SECONDS LATER...
OH, DO STAND STILL, THERE'S A GOOD HORSE!
THIS ONE KEEPS GIVING ME NASTY LOOKS, UNCLE ARTHUR!
HEY-UP AND AT 'EM! WHOAAH!
JONES HAS A PROBLEM...
PERMISSION TO REPORT THAT MY HORSE DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE A HEAD, MR MAINWARING, SIR.
WHEN MAINWARING MOUNTS...
COME ALONG, WILSON. LET'S GET STARTED.
THE MAN'S GOT NO SENSE OF REASON!
JUST LIKE HIM! WE HALF KILL OURSELVES AND HE DOES IT THE EASY WAY!
WH-WHAT THE...? WHOOOAAAAH!
CAN'T SAY I DIDN'T WARN YOU, GUV!
I SUPPOSE THE C.O. WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM!
IF IT'S GOING TO BE A RACE, I GIVE UP!
I MUST SAY, CAPTAIN MAINWARING'S JUMPING AWFULLY WELL!
YE'RE RIGHT THERE, MR GODFREY. IT'S A TERRIBLE SIGHT!
WHATEVER WE DO WE MUSTN'T LOSE HIM!
BUT A LITTLE FARTHER ON...
'ERE! MAINWARING'S GONE! THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL TAKING OFF!
AT LEAST THE HORSE IS ALL RIGHT.
MOOO-AN!
RIDING MIGHT BE CHILD'S PLAY, BUT I'D SAY THE CAPTAIN WAS THE VICTIM OF HORSEPLAY!

A bad 'break' for Mainwaring next week!

BOPPO'S CLUB

WESTMORLAND HOUSE,
104 STOKES CROFT,
BRISTOL BS99 7QX

Hello there, Boys and Girls

IN most parts of the country the school holidays are over, and many of you will have moved up into another class. You will have met your new teachers and I think it would be nice if you told them all about our Club, and what we are doing to help the handicapped; I am sure they will be interested.

When I was shopping the other day, I noticed how different words are used to describe the way in which things are sold, and to test your knowledge of these, I have made out a scrambled shopping list. Can you write the list correctly? The correct descriptions are printed below, but you'll have to turn the page upside down to read them

Talking about shopping reminds me — don't forget that I am always glad to receive Green Shield and other trading stamps for the Boppo Bounty Box — they all help towards the total we are trying to raise so that we can buy our first Boppo Bus.

Now for that shopping list: (1) A tin of tea; (2) A bottle of bread; (3) A box of milk; (4) A loaf of grapes; (5) A tablet of meat; (6) A bunch of soap. (7) A pot of chocolates; (8) A packet of peaches; (9) A joint of cream; (10) A carton of jam

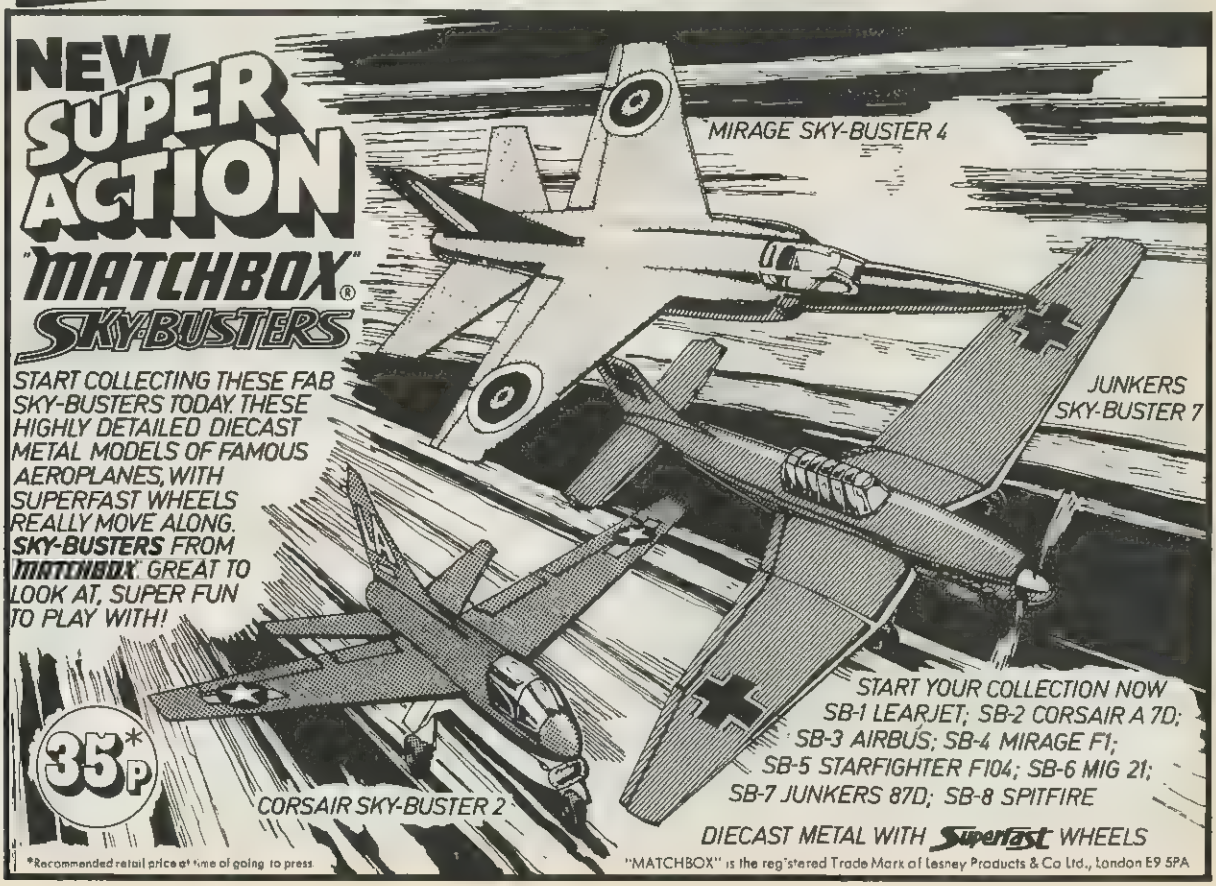
I hope you got the answers right otherwise you are going to get into a fine muddle the next time you help to do the shopping!

Bye for now

Boppo

Answers to shopping list questions:

(1) Packet. (2) Loaf. (3) Bottle. (4) Bunch. (5) Joint. (6) Tablet. (7) Box (6) Tin. (9) Carton. (10) Pot.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The BUGS BUNNY Show
'ON THE BALL!'
HARDWARE STORE
SORRY, SIR! BUT WE HAVE NEVER STOCKED CANNONBALLS!
AND...
MICK'S IRONMONGERS
OUR APOLOGIES, SIR! BUT WE'VE BEEN OUT OF CANNONBALLS FOR AGES NOW!
LATER...
WE SELL ANYTHING
C-CANNONBALLS, SIR? GULP! I'M AFRAID THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY THING WE D-DON'T SELL!
BLISTERING BARNACLES! THERE ISN'T A SWAB IN THE TOWN WHO SELLS CANNONBALLS- AND I'M CLEAN OUT OF 'EM!
WE SELL A
MARITIME MUSEUM
GREAT SCUPPERED SCHOONERS! I'LL WARRANT THERE BE CANNONBALLS IN THERE!
I'LL FIND A BETTER USE FER THESE THAN BEING LOOKED AT BY RUBBERY-LEGGED LANDLUBBERS! HEH-HEH!
?
STOP! STOP! UNHAND THOSE CANNONBALLS AT ONCE, YOU RASCAL!
?
WHAT WAS THAT YOU WERE SAYING, YUH BILGE RAT?
M-ME, SIR? GULP! TH-THERE M-MUST BE SOME M-MISTAKE!
THAT WAS WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID, MATEY! HEH-HEH-HEH!
NOW I CAN FIRE A SALVO TO CELEBRATE ME BIRTHDAY!
BOOM!
YEEK! ME FAITHFUL OLD CANNON HAS GIVEN UP THE GHOST AT LONG LAST! BUT I KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND ANOTHER!
CRACK!
CRUMBLE!
FLUMP!
HELP! YOU CAN'T HAVE IT! GO AWAY! HELP! POLICE!
STOP, YE SCURVY KNAVE! WHAT GOOD'S A CANNON TO YE WHEN YE DON'T HAVE ANY CANNONBALLS! GRRR!
BLAM! BLAM!
MARITIME MUSEU
?

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Sylvester invests in a club soon.

POPEYE
SPINACH
I'M A SOCCER HOOLIGAN!
WHEN I GO TO A MATCH I LIKE TO PUSH THE VISITING SUPPORTERS AROUND!
SPLAT!
THEY LET ME IN WITHOUT PAYING!
I HAS A FREE PROGRAMME!
SNATCH!
I ALSO HAS MY OWN SPOT BEHIND THE GOAL AND I DON'T LET ANYBODY ELSE NEAR!
IN THE DRESSING ROOM...
WE NEED AN EARLY GOAL, POPEYE!
I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO, BOSS!
TROUBLE IS, THAT OAF BRUTUS IS BEHIND THE GOAL WAITING TO SPOIL THE GAME FOR EVERYBODY!
HAVE A SPARE NET AN' BALL READY. I'LL TRY AN' SCORE THAT EARLY GOAL AN' SHUT HIM UP AT THE SAME TIME!
SO...
TV COMIC
WHAT A LOAD OF RUBBISH!
HERE GOES!
SNAP!
UGH!
SCUSE ME!
OKAY, LADS! OL' BIG MOUTH IS HARMLESS. NOW LET'S GET ON WITH THE GAME!

PINK PANTHER
TROOP COMIC
I WILL NOW FOLD MYSELF INTO THIS BOX WHICH WILL THEN BE LOCKED AND BOLTED.
PINK PANTHER CONTORTIONIST AND ESCAPOLOGIST
ACTION STATIONS, MEN! THE GERMANS HAVE LAUNCHED AN ATTACK!
THEY'VE ALL GONE! THEY COULDN'T HAVE LIKED MY ACT!
AH-HA! I'VE HAFF A PRISONER!
LATER...
THIS IS COLDITCH CASTLE! NOBODY ESCAPES FROM HERE!
VELCOME, MINE FRIEND, AND REMEMBER—NOBODY ESCAPES FROM COLDITCH!
WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!
THEY WON'T KEEP ME IN HERE FOR LONG.
SOON...
GUARD! VAT HAFF YOU THERE?
I AM POSTING A PARCEL FOR VON OFF DER PRISONERS, MINE COLONEL!
DER BRITISHERS MUST BE VORSE OFF THAN VE THOUGHT IF PRISONERS ARE SENDING FOOD PARCELS HOME!
FOOD PARCEL
IT VILL MAKE VON EXCELLENT DINNER FOR ME!
OKAY, COLONEL— YOU WIN!
HIMMEL! IT IS PRISONER PANTHER!
YOU VILL SPEND VON VEEK IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT ON BREAD AND VATER!
A WEEK LATER...
I AM GOING TO HEADQUARTERS TO REPORT ON MY EXCELLENT RECORD!
NOBODY ESCAPES FROM COLDITCH!
WANT TO BET?

©Mirisch – Geoffrey - D-F 1974

Pink Panther plays the BIG MAN!

MATCHBOX®

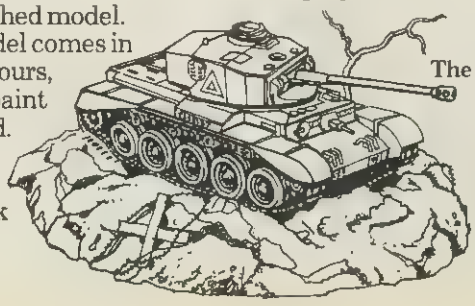
1-76 SCALE MILITARY KITS

Comet tank breaking out of Weser Bridgehead.

The PK-72 Comet MK-1 tank shown here was issued to the 11th Armoured Division in December 1944. In March 1945 the Division moved forward to the Weser Bridgehead on the Rhine. By the end of the war in Europe they had advanced as far as the Baltic coast at Lubeck.

Note the highly detailed finish of this 1-76th scale plastic model kit. The turret rotates, the gun elevates, even the main hatch opens. You get easy fitting clip-on tracks too – no heat sealing is necessary!

The Comet comes with a choice of two decals, those of the 2nd Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, and those of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment. A special feature is the realistic DIORAMA battle display which adds extra life and drama to the finished model. Although the model comes in two authentic colours, two camouflage paint plans are supplied. This kit is the only model of the Comet MK-1 tank you can buy.



The Comet MK-1 tank is one of a whole series of new "MATCHBOX" military kits – ask for them at your local shop.

Price 30p*

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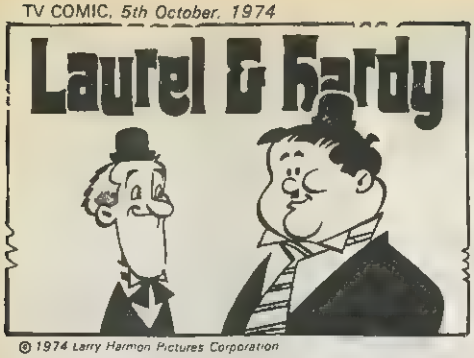
Laurel & Hardy



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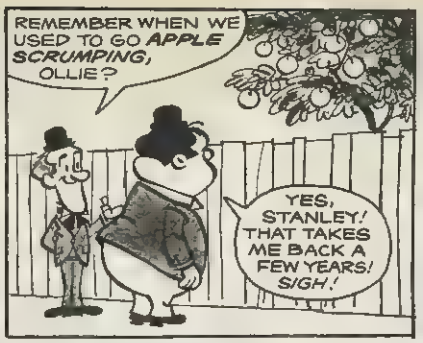

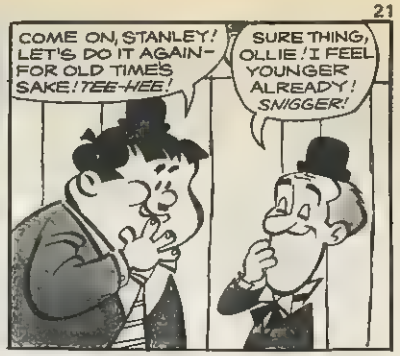

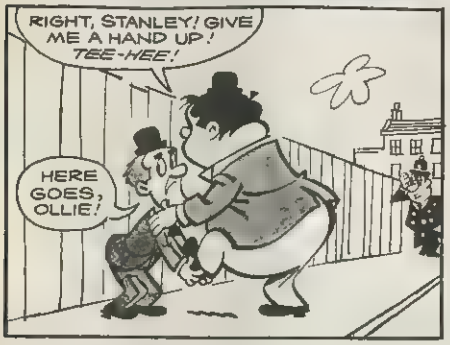

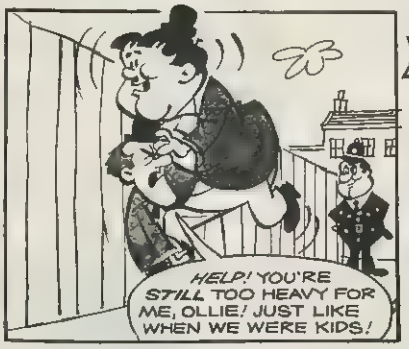

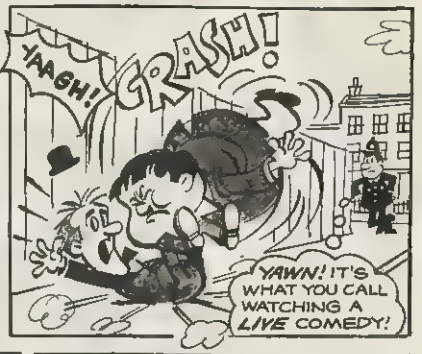

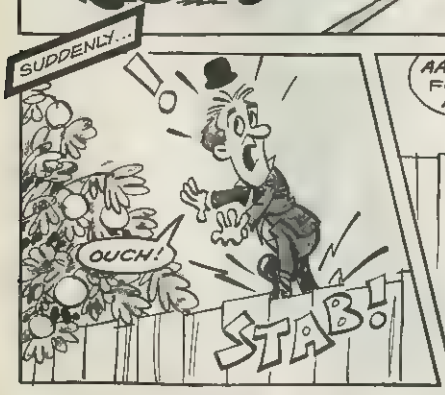

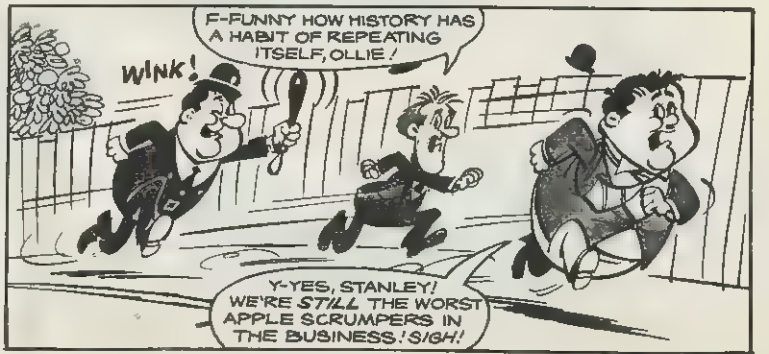
F-FUNNY HOW HISTORY HAS A HABIT OF REPEATING ITSELF, OLLIE!
WINK!
Y-YES, STANLEY! WE'RE STILL THE WORST APPLE SCRUMPERS IN THE BUSINESS! SIGH!

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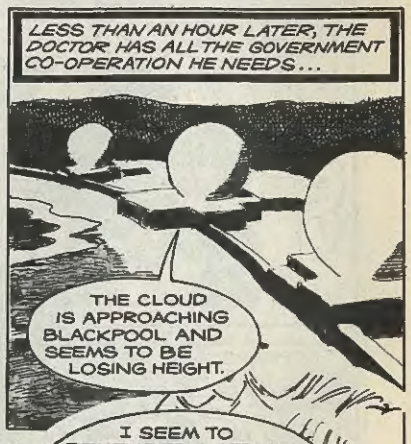
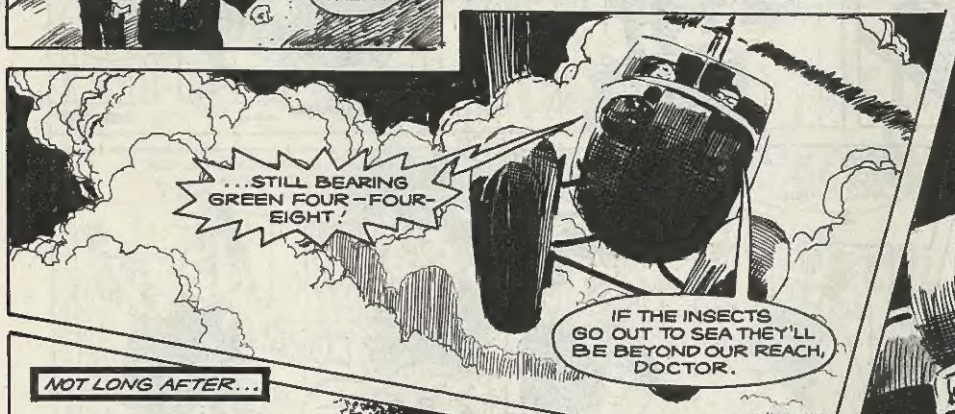
DR WHO in 'The Metal-Eaters!'

AFTER the death of her father, Professor McTurk, Catriona is persuaded by the doctor to help him track down the metal eating insects that could threaten the future of the entire industrial world. Using McTurk's control vehicle, they track the insect cloud to a giant electricity pylon on the desolate Yorkshire moor. But as Catriona tries desperately to bring them under her influence . . .

NOT NECESSARILY, CHARLES. FYLINGDALE SHOULD GET AN ACCURATE TRACK ON THEM. AND THEY HAVE TO COME DOWN FOR THEIR DINNER, SOMETIME.


LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, THE DOCTOR HAS ALL THE GOVERNMENT CO-OPERATION HE NEEDS . . .
THE CLOUD IS APPROACHING BLACKPOOL AND SEEMS TO BE LOSING HEIGHT.

I SEEM TO REMEMBER A CERTAIN STRUCTURE THAT STANDS SO FAR UP IN THE AIR THEY CAN'T MISS IT — THE BLACKPOOL TOWER, I BELIEVE YOU CALL IT!



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AND WHEN THE DOCTOR ARRIVES...
I'VE BEEN INSTRUCTED TO GIVE YOU EVERY POSSIBLE ASSISTANCE, DOCTOR.
THANK YOU, MAJOR. HOW ABOUT THE GENERATORS?
ALL IN POSITION, DOCTOR.
I COMMEND YOUR EFFICIENCY, MAJOR. WE'D BETTER GET TO WORK THEN.
SOON...
WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, SIR? WHAT ARE THOSE INSECTS?
IF I HADN'T HAD MY ORDERS FROM TOP LEVEL, I'D SAY WE WERE GOING MAD, SERGEANT. METAL-EATING INSECTS, INDEED!
BELIEVE IT OR NOT, OUR STRANGE TRIO ARE TRYING TO TURN THE TOWER INTO A GIANT ELECTRO-MAGNET!
WORKING WITH FEVERISH HASTE, THE DOCTOR'S TEAM FINALLY COMPLETE THEIR TASK...
THAT'S IT, DOCTOR, BUT THOSE WRETCHED THINGS ARE EATING INTO THOSE UNITS ALREADY!
THEN, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE THAT THEY'LL LAST FOR OUR PURPOSE. LET'S GO!
ONCE ON TERRA FIRMA AGAIN, FINAL CONNECTIONS ARE MADE...
WELL, HERE GOES, EVERYONE. IT EITHER WORKS OR INDUSTRIAL MAN MUST LOOK FOR AN ALTERNATIVE TO METAL!
THE CONTROL IS THROWN...
THEY'RE TRYING TO FREE THEMSELVES, DOCTOR.
INCREASE THE POWER!
THEN, AT LAST...
WE'VE DONE IT, DOCTOR!
A CLOSE THING, EH, CHARLES?
I DON'T THINK MY FATHER REALLY WANTED THIS!
LATER...
THANKS TO YOU, CATRIONA, WE REVERSED THE DISASTER. I'VE PERSUADED THE AUTHORITIES TO EXONERATE YOU FROM YOUR FATHER'S PLAN!
HE'S ALSO PERSUADED ME TO GIVE YOU A POST AT THE NATIONAL LABORATORY. WITH YOUR KNOWLEDGE ON OUR SIDE THE NAME McTURK WILL BE REMEMBERED FOR GOOD WORKS FROM NOW ON!

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JAL Japan	KLM Netherlands	EL AL Israel
OLYMPIC Greece	MEA Lebanon	LUFTHANSA West Germany
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